

DANGER IN WATER.

WHY PEOPLE SHOULD BE CAREFUL WHAT THEY
DRINK, ESPECIALLY AT THIS TIME
OF THE YEAR.

"Do you know that there is a danger in poison in half the water we drink?"

It was an eminent professor of natural science who made this startling remark, and he was only stating a fact," he continued, "I assert that in the springtime nearly all drinking water contains traces of potato vegetable or other poisons. We drink water, the poisons get into our systems and it is largely the cause of so many people being weak, worn out and sickly at this season."

"I recommend drinking water!"

"do not," he said, "will the water? It does not remove them. A far better way is to use pure whiskey with it. The best physicians in America unhesitatingly declare this, because pure whiskey in minute quantities will be pure whiskey, for impure whiskey is than impure water."

The professor is certainly right, and he may have appropriate evidence that scientific men in America to-day is so chemically pure or so free from fusel oil as Duffy's pure malt. It is successfully stood the rivalry of all other whiskeys. We want pure whiskey, because we needers for people who needed strength, vigor and vitality. Thousands testify to the great benefit derived from taking it. Leading physicians say it is one of the best remedies for constipation, the evil effects of poisonous water, and also indorse it as the best remedy for the feelings and spring weakness. As there are many inferior imitations of pure malt whiskey, be on your guard when purchasing so that none of these is substituted by the dealer.

SPRING'S OPENING FESTIVAL

THE BEAUTIES OF A FINE APRIL SUNDAY

HOW THE DAY WAS ENJOYED BY ALL CLASSES
THE MULTITUDE ON BICYCLES

Living was worth while yesterday, especially

you were outdoors. To revel in the liquid gold of the sunshine; to feel the freshening breeze, witness its healthgiving tonic from the North, and its suggestion of balm from the South; to visit the park, or, better still, some highway in the country, and hear the birds sing as they only sing in the sun; to feel the sun's warm smile as it comes smiling back from its slumber, and to view the ever-changing panorama of humanity outdoors, walking, riding, wheeling—to do all this was enough to quicken the pulse and rouse the enthusiasm of the most sluggish nature.

It was in truth an ideal spring day, and everybody yielded to its indescribable charm, even old Cocktails. Not that he showed himself in the streets of the Park; he has no time for such frivolity. He didn't get up until 10 o'clock, in the first place. Then, of course, he had to go to his club, and attend several of his engagements. After which he spent a portion of the afternoon in taking a Turkish bath. But, in spite of the absorbing character of his Sunday duties, he did manage to catch a few glimpses of nature's all-embracing charms, and he was heard to remark: "By God, this is a doozie of a day; I think it has made me feel ten years younger." When old Cocktails pays such a tribute as that to nature, you may be pretty sure that nature has made a ten-strike.

And how маме enjoyed herself. She was everywhere in the parks, leaning out of the windows of the cars, and she was everywhere in the suburbs, generally in the company of her "lover." No one has ever taken a census of Mamie, and yet she is well worth a statistical record, if she forms no small part of the population. She is indeed one of the most suggestive sociological figures of modern times. I tell you, she is a girl of a certain type are invariably called Mamie, and why, somehow or other, the name seems to fit like a glove. Yesterday Mamie was really pretty, in her close, but tasteful finery, and her Easter hat, with its wealth of amazing flowers that never bloomed on sea and on mainland, but which were made up and brought by hand, at one proud hour of her appearance and jealous of the attention it excited. He, too, was pathetically fine in his getup, with his stiff ready-made best suit, and his boutonniere, as his bizarre walking-stick, and his E.E. hat pointed at the true Bowery angle on his buttoned-up coat. He was, in fact, a man of a great credit on his face. It was a good-looking day for him.

and he would have been entirely happy if he had only been quite sure of Mamie. But no lover can ever be sure of Mamie until he has married her, and then, alas, he is often so sure of her that he

But who could think of tragedy and sorrow yesterday, with the sun shining, and the birds carolling, and the earth preparing for her vernal birth? Certainly not the Optimist, who went out walking with his ancient enemy the Pessimist. If you did a see these two as they moved about in the past throng yesterday, you certainly missed one of the sights of the day. The Optimist was always try-

to convert the Pessimist, and the Pessimist, always trying to convert the Optimist, and never succeeding. "All hail, ha, thunder!" exclaimed the Optimist, addressing calmly and generally in the delight, "Stuff and nonsense," growled the Pessimist, "I'm looking almost happy in the certain knowledge that I may 'I should have to have my liver,'" answered the Optimist, and he felt so happy that he exclaimed again: "All hail, by thunder!" the same time slapping the Pessimist vigorously on the back. "Say, old man," he added, "Isn't this a just glorious?" "No, it isn't; it is full of microbes," snarled the Pessimist, "And isn't the sunshiny divine?" continued the Optimist, not heeding the interpolation, "Maybe," admitted the Pessimist reluctantly, "but we'll have beastly weather tomorrow," and the thought made him almost content. "For your true pessimist is like the lady who says you she enjoys poor health; he finds the trust and joyment in not enjoying himself."

But the feature of the day yesterday was

wheel and engine multitude of men and women rode it. "Papa," said a little fellow who was riding with his father on the Boulevard, "there must be eleven thousand bicycles in France today." That notation was not far from the truth, but the idea was conveyed by it was fully borne out by the facts. There were bicycles everywhere, thousands of them—in the parks, in the street, in the suburbs, in Brooklyn, in Staten Island, in New Jersey. All sorts and conditions of men and women, boys and girls, were riding—stalwart and puny, handsome and plain, tall and short, young and old, in the parks, in the streets, in the suburbs, on the wheel. And how many kinds of wheels there were! too many to catalogue here, especially as their uses have been already mentioned. There were the "touring" machines, the "tribune," the number of

women was unusually large, and many of the
looked both pretty and natty. The old lady
no pretty women ride a wheel is true no longer
indeed, it ever was true in the bloom of her
the evidence of this fact is
keeping with reports from other parts of the coun-
try, all of which declare that the bloomer is con-
out of favor. But whatever she may ultimately
slide to wear, woman's devotion to the wheel
be questioned. Thousands of women rode to the
and rode with it, and of them rode the
and all who saw them.

Not less interesting were many of the men
in their well-fitting costumes, that revealed the

the physical development. The croaker, who said modern men are deteriorating physically and have been surprised yesterday, for their assestion was shown to be untrue. The fact is the conventional garments of civilization cover up the physical development of the body, and the people, for the time in public, when they mount a wheel in a car appropriate for the exercise.

But it is impossible to pronounce the whole story of the poem. It was a joyous epic of springtime, and the spell of whose beauty was all too subtle to describe. "Isn't it just too lovely for anybody to write," said a pretty girl, "a pretty girl always exclaim, and though the remark is a trifle harsh, it came as near to expressing the fact as I could. It was just what said yesterday. But I am sure that the options of the day itself, which we live for a long time in the memory of those who enjoyed it."

BEER KEG FELL ON HIS HEAD.

Jacinto Benedetto, an Italian laborer, forty years old, who lived at No. 333 East One-hundred-and-

ninth-st., died early Sunday morning at his home from the effects of a fracture of the skull.

According to an Italian, whom the undertaker sent to the Coroner's office yesterday morning to obtain a permit for the burial of the body, Benedetto came to his death by a keg of beer which was lifting falling upon him and fracturing his skull. He said that Benedetto and several other Italians were trying to see which could lift the keg over his head with the most ease. Benedetto, he said, got the keg poised over his head, when it

Beecham's pills for constipation 10^d and 25^d. Get the book at your druggist's and go by it.